DORA COYNE; OR, HID IN THE HEART.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MISSING KEY.

Dora found on her return what an alarming amount of "spoiling" can be got through in the short space of one month by ladies with leisure on their hands and a convenient subject within reach. The spinsters at Oldham Grange, aided and abetted by the twins, had done their level best to ruin Edmund Falconer Coyne's health and morals during the absence of his parents.

Fortunately the stomach and conscience of such a youthful urchin are accommodating, and a brief period of maternal jurisdiction brought back the tone to both.

There was something very amusing, at such an early period of his life, in the tricks he played, in his airs of command, his wilful fun, his pretty frowardness.

And there was also something touching in the devotion to him exhibited by the two old aunties to whom the child had brought so much gladness, so much new interest.

But Dora began to fear that so much injudicious fondness might be harmful to Edmund when he grew out of babyhood. She doubted her own power to counteract such influences, and after much prayerful thought she opened her mind on the subject to Sir James.

"I think we must not let everybody mismanage Edmund any longer," she said to him, after they had been laughing somewhat over a discussion going on under their eyes, but out of ear-shot, in the garden, between Aunts Martha and Susan and the little king. It was obviously a triangular discussion. Edmund was seated defiantly astride of Guard —the big watch-dog, who was another of Edmund's satellites. Martha, in a low armchair, was evidently trying what

"Eddie is good 'gain, favva" p. 131.

rhetoric and reason could do to bring him to her views; but these were not having the desired effect, to judge from the shaking of his head and decided frown of negation. Susan, with more knowledge of masculine character, was standing on the grass, dangling a bunch of grapes before him, and using the wheedlesome art to bring him round; but evidently Edmund was above such temptation, for his hands were frequently clenched and thrust in the direction of Aunt Susan—obviously meant to say that he disdained her fleshly arguments as much as he did the more intellectual appeals of Aunt Martha.

Occasionally the sisters were observed addressing each other in a manner plainly denoting very decided difference of opinion, and at such moments Edmund was visibly exultant, and thereafter yet more fixed in his own determination.

"Indeed, James, this kind of thing cannot be allowed to go on any longer. It seems hard to say it, but we can't have our boy spoiled to please his feminine relatives."

"Won't he see the foolishness of it himself when he is older?" said Sir James, rather doubtfully. He knew little of children; he had never been fond of them or taken notice of their ways, and had easily followed his sisters in making a toy of Edmund, altogether forgetful of the soul given him to train. Forgetful, I mean, in the little things of daily life; not forgetful before God, to whose care he hourly gave his boy. That is one of the many anomalies that perplex us in human life and character. A man, upright and conscientious, walking warily along the narrow way that leads to eternal life, will be often seen lax, blind, unreasoning in the education of a darling child. On the other hand, how commonly we see a parent careless regarding his own salvation, yet strictly requiring that his children shall follow religious observances, and will even rejoice over one who shows evidences of a renewed spirit (as long as its action does not collide with his own private views).

When Dora spoke, Sir James's conscience felt uneasy, for he became aware that he, too, was spoiling Edmund; but it was hard to own and hard to see how to change the family tactics.

"I do not think," the mother rejoined, "that Edmund will see that he was badly brought up till he *is* brought up—that's a sort of Paddy speech, but you know what I mean. When he has to meet his spiritual enemies face to face, to struggle with them, to feel their chains dragging him to the earth, will be late time of day for him to learn that they are the failings of childhood planted, nursed by those who loved him most."

"Gracious, Dora!" Sir James exclaimed, alarmed out of his ordinary equable manner of speech by her earnest tones and serious words, "I had not thought of it like that. I have rather believed that your influence would be sufficient to counteract what may be a little injudicious in other people's treatment. Edmund has a naturally fine disposition. That, and religious teaching when he is older, ought to keep him straight."

"Religious teaching can only follow judicious training. We must prepare the ground for the seed, or it will not grow as it ought. Of course we know God plants in very bad soil and gathers fruit from barren twigs; but *that* is the performance of miracles by His own hand. When He gives a soul into the keeping of His servants, and says, 'Nurse this child for *Me*,' He means *them* to prepare the ground, to sow the seed, to nurse the plants, and at *their* hands will He require that soil."

"It is a very solemn thing to think upon, Dora."

"And we must think and act upon such ground. I know you will help me, James. I cannot carry out my wishes regarding Edmund without your support."

"I'll do what I can, Dora. I see that even a baby requires spiritual training. I hope there has not been much harm done as yet, and the boy can be readily 'broken to harness.' Poor little man!"

Sir James got up and paced the room; he had pledged himself to a very distasteful job, and he foresaw exquisite pain to himself in the carrying out of his promise to support Dora.

However, he was a sensible man, and meant what he said. As he walked the room his eyes rested again upon the group in the garden. The points at issue had grown sharper. The voices of the trio had risen, and were augmented by an occasional bark from Guard, who always entered his canine protest against heated arguments. I have observed that dogs have a strong objection to wordy warfare between men, and think their own way of settling a dispute is preferable.

Sir James opened a glass door and stepped out, and Dora went near the window to see what would follow; for there was a curious look of grim resolve on her husband's face which made her fear that his first step towards supporting her views might not be governed by due discretion so much as by zeal.

"What is all this about?" he asked of his eldest sister; who replied, "The darling boy, in a frolic, drew the key from the outer door of the greenhouses, and has hid it in some very ingenious place—he has such quick ideas; the key was in his hand one moment, Susan says, and the next it had disappeared."

"I don't mind his having his fun, the pet," said Susan, "but I am sure there is not a key on the premises will open that lock except its own key, and it is a lock that can't be forced. I had it put on when you were away, for I found that some of the under gardeners were making free with my fruit."

"Eddie didn't 'ant dat doa 'ocked," spoke the king, in imperious tones.

"And I promised you, darling, that I should not lock it, except after you go to bed, if you would tell me where you hid the key."

"Eddie don't 'ike keys." This statement was made emphatically.

Then Miss Martha said—

"I was telling him that we should have to break the pretty green door all to bits, and what do you think, James, he said?—he is such a reflecting child——"

"Eddie vill oos 'is noo hamma to bek dat doa," Edmund announced; and his manner of stating his intention showed that a similar remark was the one Martha had been about to quote.

"I told Martha that it was nonsense to tell him that, for he is so fond of carpentering," said Susan.

"And I told you," retorted her sister, "that Edmund was not to be cajoled like any ordinary spoilt child."

"I am afraid he *is* an ordinary spoilt child," said Sir James, while his sisters gazed on him in amazement.

Nothing disconcerted by the paternal remark Edmund once more spoke his kingly sentiments—

"Eddie can give hard knocks. Eddie 'ikes a noise. Eddie 'oves 'is mamma, and Eddie 'on't tell 'bout key."

"The door will have to be broken," sighed Miss Susan.

"He is quite determined," said Martha.

"Edmund, my son," said Sir James, very precisely, and

just a little sternly, "you must tell father where you have put that key."

Edmund twined his fingers in Guard's curly coat and lisped, laughingly—

"Oo isn't my muvva."

"Edmund, my son" (rather more sternly this time), "where is that key?"

"'Un, 'eek!" ("run, seek") said "Edmund, my son," and, that being the call to Guard when sent retrieving, *he* took the remark to himself, and started up at once to run and seek.

"Never mind the key; don't vex the child, James," the sisters cried. But now Sir James was fixed in purpose; moreover, he was aware that Dora was looking on.

"If you please," he said, severely, "you must not interfere. I must teach Edmund obedience." And the aunts were dumb. He stalked up to the little delinquent. "Edmund, my son," he began, for the third time; but now Edmund saw that there was to be war, so he crept among Guard's legs, and cried out—

"Gaud, Gaud, keep Eddie fom bad man!"

Guard stood over the boy and showed his teeth at Sir James, who drew back aghast; and matters were at a climax when Dora came quickly from the drawing-room.

"Down, Guard! Edmund, how dare you! You are a very wicked boy, and mother cannot love you when you are so naughty. Go beg father's pardon at once, and tell him where you put that key. I am ashamed of my son."

Edmund rose up and Guard lay down, both owning at once the voice of Law and Order. Then the child said, and held out his hands in a bewitching manner to Sir James, who took him up in his arms at once—

"Eddie is good 'gain, favva. Key deep down pond. Eddie no bek doa; but doa is bad too, and aunties naughty. Eddie no 'ove aunties. No 'ove key."

The young diplomatist believed he should vanquish his father as of old, but Sir James had learned a lesson.

"I think," he said, slowly, and caressing the child, "that Edmund must not have such naughty thoughts. You must go, my son, and beg aunties' pardon, and tell *them* where you put the key."

The boy stared at his father, but seeing nothing but fixed purpose in his face, he sighed heavily, and remarked, "Oo *is* my muvva to-day;" then slid to the ground, and trotted to his aunts, while Sir James whispered to Dora, "Evidently 'muvva' means with Edmund lawful authority."

"Key down pond. I'se good," and with these brief words the battle terminated for that time.

But it was long remembered by the Misses Coyne and by Sir James, and served as a lesson for future treatment of the child. Dora's efforts to train her son in the way he should go were no longer neutralised by injudicious spoiling, though it was a great privation in some ways to his relatives to withhold the lavish indulgence and thoughtless praise which had gone near to wrecking the boy's spiritual life.

Edmund became a source of training to both father and aunts, but that was not till they had learned, in the awful furnace of affliction, that a child's soul is the most trying, as well as the most precious, gift which God gives into the care of erring mortals.

CHAPTER XIX.

HACKLETON GOSSIP.

Do gossips ever think regarding the words which fall from their lips? Do they ever dream what results may ensue from their unguarded speech?

There are not many people, let us hope, who discuss their neighbours' affairs wilfully meaning to injure them, yet how manifold are the evils resulting from what seems harmless chatter.

I was led to these thoughts by a conversation which had taken place in Mrs. Falconer's drawing-room, and which had pained Robina in a great degree; for she had been present during part of it, and had striven to stop the torrent of gossip as best she could, but had only carried away the stings of Hackleton tongues in her own heart, without checking their venom.

Dr. Webster's wife was one of the ladies present, and she was talking of Count von Linckmyer, which naturally led some one else to ask what had brought him to Hackleton.

"Oh, haven't you heard yet?" Mrs. Falconer exclaimed. "I thought the story would be all over the town by this time."

No; "the story" was still untold in that neighbourhood, and the ladies suspended their tea-drinking and their dual whisperings, and looked to their hostess, athirst for news.

"The Count came in search of his nephew, Mr. Buist. You remember Mr. Buist? He used to be a—a good deal here, and he is my Joe's great friend in Edinburgh, you know."

"His nephew! Mr. Buist the nephew of an illustrious German count!" This was news!

"We never heard a word of it!" Mrs. Webster exclaimed. "The Count was very reticent, though we had him to dinner more than once, and introduced him to the mayor and one or two county families. He never asked a question about Mr. Buist."

"Because he had got all the information he required from my son Joe." said Mrs. Falconer, swelling with importance.

Mrs. Webster had been *the* authority on many delicate points of family gossip (derived, her enemies said, from the weak-minded admissions of the doctor). Mrs. Webster did not like that Mrs. Falconer should know of such a remarkable story while *she* was in ignorance about it, and now spoke spitefully.

"Of course *you* would know all about Mr. Buist, Mrs. Falconer; or, I *should* say, you would hear of him from Lady Coyne."

"Lady Coyne has not seen Mr. Buist since long before her marriage. It was from Joe we heard. Joe and Mr. Buist live together, and we saw a great deal of him when we were in Edinburgh. Robina can tell you how very much he has improved since he lived in Hackleton."

News! More news! The ladies looked, as her mother had done, to Robina, and the girl coloured with vexation, which raised curiosity yet more, provoking, at the same time, a new source of conjecture whereon might be built a fabulous structure of romantic scandal.

"I am glad," said Mrs. Webster, "that the family has still *a hold* upon him, for he was *such* an impulsive young man, and he *always* was more intimate in *this* house than in any other. It is always so *good* for a young man of *that* temperament to have *really nice* people as his confidential *friends*. I hope, Miss Robina, *you* will induce your *friend* to visit Hackleton, *if* he has got over his disappointment."

"You are under some mistakes regarding Kaiser," Robina answered, gravely. "I wish, Mrs. Webster, that you would not talk in that way of him."

"Oh, I see! I see!" (with significant nods and gestures) "I can take a *hint*, my dear."

And so the gossip was started, and went the round of every house in Hackleton wherein dwelt more than one

woman. Kaiser's past history was raked up, and additions made to it which had no foundation in fact. It was stated authoritatively that Dora had treated him very badly, and that in consequence he had sworn he would never revisit the place of his birth. That the Falconers, finding he was the heir to a wealthy foreigner, had set themselves to securing him for Robina, and poor Mrs. Falconer was credited with being a most astute match-maker, when, in truth, she had neither the tact nor the discrimination requisite for such a character. It is not necessary for our purpose in this narrative to recount the monstrous falsehoods which were circulated. Enough for us to learn that the ball of scandal went rolling round and round, gathering dirt as it rolled, until the time when it reached Oldham Grange, and then it had grown into a very huge globe of filthy composite.

Sir James was a man who, as a rule, paid little attention to gossip, and seldom allowed idle reports to affect him in the least. But even his common sense was not proof against what was being said of the Falconers and young Buist, about Dora and himself. Of course he did not for a moment believe that she had thrown over a young lover for Oldham Grange and a title. He knew the real state of the case, for, as we know, Dora had been frank with him. Still, it rankled deep in his soul to hear that folks believed Mrs. Falconer had got rid of Mr. Buist when he stood in the way of one daughter's promotion, and was "hooking him" for another now that he had become "an eligible."

Such a story being hawked around was more disgusting to Sir James than some actual folly on Dora's part would have been, and he winced terribly, yet could find no way of remedying the matter, for the action of all concerned, except himself, gave colour to the reports.

He grew irritable under the sting of it, and then Dora guessed what was troubling him.

In her usual simple and effective manner she went directly forward. It cost her a mighty effort, but she conquered that, and met the trouble with courage.

"James, I think you have heard some of the ill-natured gossip of Hackleton?" was her way of opening the subject.

He fidgeted and muttered, "They are a mean, tittle-tattling set. I have not deserved to have the affairs of my family bandied about by my townspeople, I must just say."

"Indeed, you have deserved more consideration at their hands," she answered, with righteous indignation; and he said, more quietly: "Fortunately I do not do my duty, and a little over, perhaps, by this place for reward of man, so that what Hackleton people say shall not influence my work for the well-being of Hackleton."

"You know how untrue is all their gossip, James?"

"Of course. But your mother has been rather indiscreet in what she has said. You must excuse my saying so, Dora; and there is something extremely peculiar—I mean eccentric—in the fact of Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist absenting himself so determinately from this neighbourhood. People are bound to comment on that? You see."

"Yes, I see."

"Why, doesn't he come with your brother and—finish up that correspondence with Robina? Do you have the least idea why he remains away, Dora?"

She looked into his face, pleading for her lover in a way that could not but touch Sir James's heart.

"James, I am afraid it may be that Kaiser did not—forget—as—we thought."

"I am very sorry for Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist," said Sir James; and Dora added gently, "So am I."

Thinking much over what he had said, Dora thought she would give Robina a hint; so on an occasion when the sisters were alone for a quiet hour, as they so dearly loved to be, but had few opportunities for, Dora brought the conversation round to Kaiser. She repeated all that Sir James and she had said, and then, with her arm round Robina's neck and her eyes lovingly looking into the sweet face, she added, "Don't you think, Robina, my darling, that some day you could try and comfort poor Kaiser? We have not been—mother was not—quite just, and I was—not quite—patient enough with him. Couldn't you make it up to him, dear?"

"Kaiser will never wish that," Robina made answer, firmly. "I *do* comfort him, but not in—that way, and I am sure I never could. I wish people would not spoil my pleasure in a very precious friendship by mixing it up with—something different."

"Forgive me if I hurt your feelings. I was thinking—perhaps too much—of Kaiser, and too little of you, Roe."

"What *you* have said doesn't hurt me. It was what others say. However, I think I can stop some of their talk."

A few days later Robina wrote a long letter to Kaiser and told him a great part of what was being circulated in Hackleton; and then she added, "For your sake and for Dora's sake I ask you, dear Kaiser, to come and visit *la petite sœur*."

Kaiser's answer came promptly.

"I will come to Hackleton. I thank you for telling me of those tales, for no one but myself can silence them. It is right I should know. It is the act of a true friend to tell one what the voice of slander says, so that the person maligned may fling the lie back in the faces of those who spoke it. Expect me when Joe returns 'capped' to you next month. My term in hospital ends then, and I expect a visit from my uncle about that time. But nothing shall prevent my accepting your invitation."

(To be continued.)

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"O mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

JOHN WHITTIER.

MRS. BARBAULD.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

ANNE LETITIA BARBAULD will probably be more remembered for what she was than for what she did. At a time when women's education was at a very low ebb, and when for a woman to be an authoress was to single herself out for ungenerous sneers, attacks, and insinuations, Mrs. Barbauld did much to raise the social esteem in which literary women were held, and prove in her own person that a popular authoress could be a devoted wife, daughter, and sister.

Mrs. Barbauld's father was the Rev. John Aikin, a Doctor of Divinity, much esteemed in Nonconformist circles for his learning and piety. He was for nearly thirty years the head of a well-known Nonconformist college at Warrington, round which a little knot of learned and good men gathered, who, it is said, did much to raise the tone, intellectually and morally, of English society at a time when Oxford and Cambridge were sunk in the deepest lethargy, and had comparatively no influence for good in any direction. Among the men whose names afterwards became honourably known who were connected with the social or educational life of the Warrington Academy, may be mentioned Dr. Priestley, Dr. Enfield, the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield, Howard the philanthropist, and Roscoe the historian. In the midst of a society tempered by such good influences as these, Anne Letitia Aikin grew from girlhood to womanhood. She and her brother, John Aikin, four years younger than herself, were the only children of their parents. She was born at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, on 20th June, 1743, where her father had a school before he became the head of the Warrington Academy. Her mother is said to have come to the singular conclusion that a girl brought up in a boys' school must either be a prude or a tomboy, and Mrs. Aikin preferred the former. Judging from a cameo portrait of Mrs. Barbauld, taken at the request of her friend Josiah Wedgwood, she certainly looks as if a good deal of her time had been spent in the enunciation of the word "prunes, prisms, and propriety." But appearances are notoriously deceptive, and there is a nice little story of Mrs. Barbauld's girlhood, which shows that her excellent mother did not succeed in entirely eradicating the tomboy element from her daughter's character. When only fifteen years old, Anne had attracted the affections of a Kibworth farmer, who made a formal application to Dr. Aikin for his daughter's hand. The Doctor, seeing his daughter in the garden, gave the suitor leave to go and try his fortunes. When she understood the nature of his errand, her embarrassment was very great, for the dilemma presented itself of having to say "No," and yet spare the feelings of the swain; finding no other way out of the difficulty, she ran up a tree, thus gaining the top of the garden wall, and then by one spring the lane on the other side, leaving her discomfited lover to admire her agility and bewail its results.

Mrs. Barbauld.

Anne was from her birth an extraordinarily precocious child. Her mother wrote of her in after years, comparing her with some less wonderful grandchildren. "I once, indeed, knew a little girl who was as eager to learn as her instructors could be to teach her, and who, at two years old, could read sentences and little stories in her *wise book*, roundly, without spelling, and in half a year more could read as well as most women; but I never knew such another, and I believe never shall." Her father shared sufficiently in the prejudices of the period to refuse for a long time to impart to this gifted child any of the classical learning of which he was the master, and in which she ardently desired to share. At length she so far overcame his scruples that she became able to read Latin with facility, and gained some acquaintance with Greek. The fact that her father was a schoolmaster no doubt enabled her to enjoy many opportunities of instruction and education to which the bulk of Englishwomen at that time were complete strangers. At a time when it was thought enough education for most women if they were able to read, "and perhaps to write their names or so," it is not surprising if schoolmasters' daughters enjoyed an advantage in being able at least to pick up the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

Anne was thirty years of age before she made her first appearance in print with a volume of verse in 1773; but she appears to have been known as a poet in her own circle of friends a few years earlier than this, as there is a letter in existence from Dr. Priestley, dated 1769, in which he asks permission to send a copy of her poem, called "Corsica," to Boswell, who was destined to future immortality as the biographer of Dr. Johnson. Her first printed volume was highly successful, and passed through four editions almost immediately. Thus encouraged, Anne and her brother shortly afterwards printed a joint volume, called "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose," which also attracted much atten-

tion and commendation. In Rogers' "Table Talk" an anecdote is given about this volume which illustrates the amusing mistakes sometimes arising from joint authorship. The various articles in the book were not signed by their respective authors, and on one occasion Charles James Fox, meeting Charles Aikin at a dinner party, wished to compliment him on his book. "I particularly admire," he said, "your essay, 'Against Inconsistency in our Expectations.'" "That," replied Aikin, "is my sister's." "I much like," returned Fox, "your essay on Monastic Institutions." "That," answered Aikin, "is also my sister's." Fox thought it best to say no more about the book. In the same year as that of the publication of this volume of Essays, 1774, Anne Letitia Aikin became the wife of the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a descendant of a French Protestant family. Mr. Barbauld's father had been chaplain to the Electress of Hesse Cassel, a daughter of George II., and the son had been intended for the Church of England. He had, however, conscientious objections to taking orders in that Church, and joined the Presbyterian body. Miss Aikin was warned before her marriage that her future husband had suffered already from an attack of insanity, but with Quixotic devotion this only seemed to her an additional reason why she should unite her life with his. Her married life, notwithstanding many good qualities on her husband's part, was one of exceptional trial and loneliness. Mr. Barbauld was liable throughout the rest of his life to fits of insanity, which took the form of fierce and uncontrollable fury as often as not directed against his wife. They settled at Palgrave in Suffolk, and opened a boys' school there. Mrs. Barbauld was much urged by her friend Mrs. Montague to open a school for girls, for the purpose of imparting to them in a regular manner various branches of science, such as did not then form an ordinary part of women's education. Mrs. Barbauld declined the task, giving various excuses, such as her own want of proficiency in music and dancing, and other feminine accomplishments. It may, however, be not improbable that her real reason was one that could not be avowed, and was to be found in the mental condition of her husband. It must have been a sufficiently severe trial to the strongest nerves to keep a boys' school, and to know that the head master and principal teacher was at any time liable to fits of insane fury; but this would have been even worse, it would have been a fatal objection, in a girls' school. Poor Mrs. Barbauld set herself with pathetic resolution to make the best of the partner and the life she had chosen. She seems immediately to have assumed she would never have any children of her own, for within a year of her marriage she adopted from his birth her nephew Charles, her brother's son. This was the little Charles for whom "The Early Lessons" and "Hymns in Prose" were written. Very few educational books for young children had then been written, and Mrs. Barbauld set herself to supply the deficiency. She discovered from practical experience the sort of books children learn best from, and the kind of paper and type that suited them best. Many of her friends in the literary world thought she was wasting her talents in such employment. Dr. Johnson is recorded in Boswell's life to have spoken very scornfully of what she was doing, and set it all down to her having married a "little Presbyterian parson." It appears, however, in the anecdotes of Johnson, collected by Mrs. Thrale, that though he might have spoken in this way at times, his warm heart did not fail to appreciate the devotion of Mrs. Barbauld's talents to the humble task which her marriage had rendered necessary. "Mrs. Barbauld," Mrs. Thrale wrote, "had his best praise, and deserved it; no man was more struck than Mr. Johnson with the voluntary descent from possible splendour to painful duty." She wrote herself in her preface to "The Early Lessons": "The task is humble, but not mean, for to lay the first stone of a noble building and to plant the first idea in a human mind can be no dishonour to any hand."

The school at Palgrave was successful mainly through Mrs. Barbauld's efforts; among the scholars were reckoned many men of future distinction, among whom may be mentioned the first Lord Denman and William Taylor of Norwich. After eleven years of courageous and exhausting work, the school was given up, and Mr. Barbauld undertook the charge of a Presbyterian church at Hampstead. The husband and wife here enjoyed the friendship of Joanna Baillie and her sister, and here some of Mrs. Barbauld's best literary work was done. But the terrible malady which had pursued her husband throughout his life continued to darken their existence. In order to be near her brother, and enjoy the protection and solace of his society, Mrs. Barbauld left Hampstead in 1802, and removed to Stoke Newington, where Dr. Aikin then lived. But Mr. Barbauld's mania continued to increase, and after a sudden attack which he made upon his wife with a dinner knife, it became obvious that he must be put under restraint. The unhappy man put an end to his own life in 1808. After an interval, Mrs. Barbauld resumed her literary work, bringing out an edition of English Novels in 1810. In the following year she brought out a poem, which she called "1811," very strongly tinged with the despondency which she felt regarding public affairs. She had been bred as a Whig, to hope for great things from the measures of emancipation with which that party had always been identified. Her sympathies were rather with the French Revolution than with the long-continued struggle of England against Napoleon. The poem had a tone of gloom and deep melancholy, which perhaps reflected more of the writer's personal despondency than the circumstances justified. It is not a little curious that a passage in it is credited with having suggested Lord Macaulay's famous prophecy that in years to come a New Zealander "will from a broken arch of Blackfriars Bridge contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's." The poem provoked a coarse and insulting review in the *Quarterly*, with which it is to be regretted that Southey's name is now identified. Murray, the proprietor of the *Review*, is said to have declared that he was more ashamed of that article than of any that had ever appeared in his magazine. Mrs. Barbauld's friends, Miss Edgeworth foremost among them, expressed their indignation and sympathy; a more ungentlemanlike, unjust and insolent review, Miss Edgeworth said she had never read; and she wrote an inspiriting letter to her friend, concluding with the words, "Write on, shine out, and defy them." But at nearly seventy years of age Mrs. Barbauld was to be excused if she felt that younger and stronger hands must carry on the fight. The poem referred to was not her last literary effort, but it was the last of her writings published during her lifetime. Very little, perhaps, of her work has permanent value; one poem, however, that beginning "Life! I know not what thou art," which was written in extreme old age, will probably live as long as anything in the language. It indicates possibly what she might have done, had it not been for the tragedy of her married life. Of two lines in this poem—

> "Life, we've been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather"—

Wordsworth declared that, though he was not in the habit of grudging people their good things, he wished he had

written those lines. Her mental powers remained clear and vigorous to the end of her long life. When she was past eighty, writing to Miss Edgeworth, she summed up, as it were, the worth of what she knew and did not know. "I find that many things I knew, I have forgotten; many things I *thought* I knew, I find I knew nothing about; some things I know I have found not worth knowing, and some things I would give—oh! what would one not give to know, are beyond the reach of human ken."

All her life through she laboured with her pen in defence of civil and religious liberty, against the iniquities of the slave trade, and for many other causes which have made life more worth living in England to-day. She died, universally honoured and respected, in 1825, aged eighty-two.

SUPPERS AND BREAKFASTS.

MENU.

Supper.—Pigeon pie; savoury pudding; bread.

Breakfast.—Fried liver and bacon; savoury toast; bread; milk.

Pigeon Pie.

Materials.—1 pigeon; ½ lb. leg of beef; 1 lb. flour; 6 ozs. clarified fat; 1 onion or shalot; 1 teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder; ½ saltspoonful pepper; ½ teacupful stock; a little milk.

Directions.—Pluck and clean the pigeon, reserving the liver for the pie, and cutting off the claws from the joint. With a sharp old knife, cut the pigeon into seven small joints; *i.e.*, two wings, two legs, breast divided in two, and back. Cut the piece of beef into thin small slices; each as long and narrow as possible. Peel the onion, and chop it up very small. Now make a seasoning with two tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a saltspoonful (or less) of pepper, mixed in a small basin with the finely-chopped onion. Make pastry (as before directed) of the rest of the flour, clarified fat, baking powder, a pinch of salt, and enough water to mix it; roll out the pastry on a floured board till it is half an inch thick, and line a small pie-dish with it. Then dip each slice of beef into the basin of seasoning, sprinkling it thickly on one side, and rolling it up like a small roly pudding. Lay these little rolls at the bottom of the lined dish; then dip into the seasoning the joints of pigeon, not forgetting the liver; put them into the dish, and pour over it half a teacupful of stock or water. Cover the pie with the rest of the pastry (which should be thicker than the lining), ornament it with a floured fork, pressing the edges together, cut a small hole in the middle of the pie, and arrange the claws as an ornament, with cut pastry round the hole to finish it. Brush the pastry over with milk (on a quill or feather) and place it at once in a hot oven. When the pastry has risen (*i.e.*, in about fifteen minutes), shift the pie to the cooler side, and let it stew there for an hour and a half. Time, 2½ hours.

(N.B.—The price of pigeons varies with the season; when, therefore, they are expensive, an extra half pound of beef may be used instead of a pigeon.)

The following savoury pudding is very useful as a second dish to eat with roast meat or pies, where something substantial is needed; it may be cooked under a joint (which should be raised on a wire stand over it), or baked in the oven, as given below.

Savoury Pudding.

Materials.—½ lb. stale bread; ½ lb. clarified fat; 1 onion; 2 tablespoonfuls oatmeal; 2 tablespoonfuls flour; 1 teacupful milk; 1 egg; lemon thyme, 1 teaspoonful, chopped or powdered; sage, 1 teaspoonful; salt and pepper.

How to make it.—Boil the milk, and pour it over the bread while scalding; cover the basin, and let it stand till cool. Boil the onion till tender (which it will be in ten or fifteen minutes, according to size). Shred the clarified fat, chop the onion fine, beat up the egg till it froths. Then beat up the bread and milk with a strong fork until no lumps remain, add gradually the clarified fat, oatmeal, flour, onion, herbs and egg, with pepper and salt to taste. Beat all the ingredients together for five minutes, add if necessary a little of the water in which the onion has been boiled, but do not make the batter too thin. Grease a shallow tin dish, pour the pudding into it, and bake in a hot oven for the first twenty minutes, then place the tin on the cooler shelf until the pudding is done. Time, 1½ hours.

BREAKFAST.

Fried Liver.

Materials.—Liver, ½ lb.; bacon, ¼ lb.; flour, 1 tablespoonful.

Directions.—Slice the liver thinly, and dip each slice into the flour; cut the bacon into slices and fry them. Take out the slices of bacon when done, and fry the liver in the bacon fat, turn it when brown on one side, and cook it well through. Serve in a hot dish, with hot plates. Time, ¼ hour.

Savoury Toast.

Materials.—Six slices of bread, cut ¾ inch thick; ½ lb. beef or pork dripping with the gravy in it; 1 tablespoonful Yorkshire relish; salt to taste.

Directions.—Toast the bread, cutting off the crusts, lay it on a hot plate, and spread it with dripping on both sides, dipping the knife often into the Yorkshire relish, and sprinkling the toast with salt. Cut each slice in half (so as to make twelve squares), pile them neatly on a hot dish, and place them in the oven for ten minutes. Cover, and serve, with hot plates. Time, ½ hour.

Expenses for Supper and Breakfast.

Pigeon, 6d.; beef, 4d.; flour, 2½d.; dripping and fat, 8d.; onion, sage, etc., 1½d.; condiments, ½d.; egg, 1d.; oatmeal, ½d.; bread, 4d.; milk, 3d.; liver, 3d.; bacon, 2d. Total 3s.

Average for six persons, 6d. each.

Three Minutes Pudding.

Ingredients.—2 ozs. of flour; 1½ oz. of castor sugar; 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; 2 eggs.

Mix the sugar, flour, and baking-powder well together, then add the eggs, which should be well beaten. Bake in a very hot oven for three minutes.

Baking Powder.

Take equal quantities of tartaric acid, carbonate of soda, and either ground rice or corn-flour, and mix them thoroughly together. As a general rule a teaspoonful of this powder is used for each pound of dry materials.

I. L. Richmond.

STANZAS TO LIFE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

THE TWO WEDDINGS.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

"WHAT do you mean, Mary?"

"Just what I say, dear—the wedding is put off; I am not going to be married yet awhile."

"But why? Have you and Joe quarrelled?"

"Oh, no. We are better friends than ever, I think, for we understand each——"

"And yet the wedding is put off!" interrupted her cousin, impatiently; "put off after the day was fixed, and I had bought my bridesmaid's dress."

If a stranger had seen the faces of the two girls, he would have imagined that the bridesmaid was the one whose wedding had been postponed, she looked so cross and disappointed, while her cousin could only smile at her rueful face.

"I'm sorry you feel so disappointed about it, Nellie," she said.

"You know how I hate to be disappointed, and there's no luck when a wedding is put off."

"I'll chance that. The fact is we should spoil our luck if we didn't wait," said Mary Carter, taking up her needlework again which her cousin's entrance had interrupted.

"And how long are you going to wait? If it's very long I shall get married first, I can tell you."

"Very well, dear; then I'll be your bridesmaid if you like. There! take your bonnet and jacket off, and I'll tell you all about it before mother comes in; she's just gone to see after two sickly lambs father carried into the barn this morning."

"Of course aunt doesn't like the wedding being put off; no mother would," remarked her cousin.

"My mother doesn't mind," said Mary; "she says we are both young enough to wait."

"Young! Why you are twenty—nearly two years older than me; and Joe is twenty-five—quite old enough to be married, I'm sure."

"Well, so we thought, you know, especially as Joe got made foreman of the mill three months ago; but his uncle thinks we had better wait for another year."

"Another year—a whole year? I'd never do it, Mary, to please Joe or his uncle either."

"Ah! but you have not heard all. Joe ought to care for his uncle a little—he brought him up, and has been like a father to him all his life; and so, when Joe wrote and told him what we thought of doing, he said he should like him to have the old mill that has been in the Hunters' family so many years, and if we waited a year we should have it, and go there to live as soon as the wedding was over. By waiting a year, he said, Joe would be able to save a few pounds, so as to have a little capital to fall back upon when a bad season came round or repairs were needed, and it would give him time to build a cottage for himself on some land he has bought close by. So, after talking things over quietly, we both thought we ought to accept such a good offer, and set our selves steadily to saving this year. I'm to do the dairy work for mother and have——"

"Well, I wouldn't wait, mill or no mill. Besides, I can't see why you and Joe shouldn't have the wedding at the time fixed, and go to the mill next year just the same."

"You don't understand, Nellie. Mr. Hunter will give us the mill, but he says, if we are to make a comfortable living out of it, Joe must have a little money in hand, or else there will be endless worries over different things. Joe knows it too, so we have agreed to save every penny we can, which we couldn't do if we got married now and set up a home here. There, Nellie! Now I've told you all about it, don't you think we have decided very wisely?"

"Hunter's Mill."

"No, I don't," said Nellie; "there's no luck in put-off weddings, and I'll never put mine off when I get the chance of having it."

"Well, I suppose you and Harry Mason do intend to have a wedding some day, Nellie."

"I suppose we do; but Harry's father don't seem to think we ought to dream of such a thing yet awhile."

"It's bad for farmers just now, I heard father say," put in Mary.

"Oh yes—I know all about bad times and short crops," interrupted Nellie; "but the Masons are not just like ourselves; their farm is twice as large as ours, and Mr. Mason could afford to give Harry a good salary as bailiff if he wasn't so mean. I told Harry last night he ought to speak out plainly to his father, or we may wait until our hair is grey before we think of marrying."

About a month later Mary went over to her uncle's farm, for she had not seen Nellie since the day of her disappointment over the postponed wedding. The girls were strongly attached to each other, and although their homes were three or four miles apart, rarely a week passed but they contrived to meet somehow; and so for a month to elapse was something strange, and Mary had begun to grow uneasy about her cousin's absence.

"Whatever is the matter, Nellie?" she said, when she met her cousin at the fold-yard gate; "I haven't seen you for a month."

Nellie laughed and blushed. "Oh, I have been busy!" she said, turning away.

But Mary caught her hands, and looked in the pretty rosy face. "Now tell me all about it," she said, "or am I to guess?"

"Guess if you like, but I don't believe you will."

"There are to be two weddings next spring. Oh, let us be married together, Nellie!"

"I declare, Mary, you are as bad as Harry's father," said Nellie, giving her hand an angry snatch; "that was just what he said—wait a year—and I won't. I told Harry I wouldn't, and mother said I was right."

"Not wait a year! but it is only a little while—barely long enough for a woman to get her things ready," said Mary, in amazement at the news.

"Mine will be ready in a month," snapped Nellie. "We can't afford a grand wedding, and so the dress I bought to be your bridesmaid will do for my wedding dress."

"And where are you going to live?" asked Mary.

"Oh, we've hardly thought about that yet. Old Mason's cross, and doesn't seem inclined to help Harry, so we may have to go into furnished rooms over at Nutley."

"Take furnished rooms at Nutley!" exclaimed Mary, in still greater astonishment.

Nutley was a village close by, where people from the town often took rooms for the summer months, instead of going to the sea-side; and so for Nellie to think of taking rooms at summer prices in this fashionable locality seemed to be the height of extravagance and improvidence to careful Mary.

"Oh! of course it will only be for a beginning," said Nellie; "we shall get a home for ourselves afterwards, but Harry thinks it will do for the summer."

"And you are to be married in a month, Nellie?—I can hardly believe it," said her cousin.

"I daresay. Don't you want me to put my wedding off now, Mary?"

"Aunt does, I am sure," said Mary, shifting her ground as her aunt came out to meet them.

"What are you girls talking about? and what is it I am supposed to want?" asked Nellie's mother, kissing Mary as she spoke.

"Why, of course, Mary would like my wedding put off because we shall have to go and live at Nutley just at first, and she thinks you would wish the same."

"No, I don't believe in postponed weddings," said her aunt. "As Nellie and Harry have made up their minds to begin their married life at Nutley, why they must do it. I daresay they will find out before long that they have made a mistake."

So Nellie Green's wedding took place at the time first fixed upon, and for the next few months the cousins saw very little of each other; but a rumour reached Mary that Nellie had found out her mistake rather earlier than was expected. Living at Nutley was an expensive affair altogether, and the salary Harry had from his father would barely meet every-day expenses. Then, to add to their troubles, Nellie fell into delicate health soon after she was married, and had to go home to be nursed when her baby was born, which was about the time Mary was married. As Nellie could not be at the wedding, Mary begged her to pay her a visit as soon as she was strong enough, suggesting that the change would do her good.

"Oh, I'll come, never fear," said poor Nellie, "for I shall be thankful for any place where I can have half an hour's peace and quiet, for there is none to be had in this house."

"The boys are noisy," admitted Mary; "they are not used to having delicate people in the house."

"And mother seems to think I ought not to complain about anything, because Harry can't afford to pay for the accommodation we have," complained the invalid.

"Well, dear, as soon as ever you get strong you shall come to me. Joe shall fetch you; it won't be many miles out of his way when he comes to market, and if it's a bit late before you get home I'll take care there's plenty of wraps in the waggon for you."

But it was some weeks after her confinement before Nellie could go and see her cousin in her new home; and when at last they did reach the far-off village, and Joe pointed with pride to "Hunter's Mill," as all the country side called it, she was almost tired out.

But she roused herself at the thought of being so near Mary's home. The moon had risen now and flooded all the landscape with its pale light, and, as they slowly wended their way up to the summit of the hill, Nellie had time to take in all the features of the peaceful scene.

There stood the mill, its widely-spread sails still now, but looking the embodiment of substantial comfort and peace. There was a light in the little casement window. "Mary's watching for us, I know," said the fond husband; and, as the waggon wound its way round, the cottage door opened, and Mary was very soon down at the mill gates, and had carried the baby indoors, out of the night air, almost before Joe could help Nellie to alight.

How delighted the cousins were to meet once more! and Mary was thankful indeed that she had a home to which poor Nellie could be welcomed and made comfortable, for it was little of comfort she had known since her marriage.

Another thing; if she stayed here for the summer, Harry Mason might be able to furnish a couple of rooms, and they might have a house of their own by the time she went back in the autumn, argued Mary, to herself first and then to Nellie. But Nellie shook her head at this.

"We made a dreadful mistake, Mary, getting married as we did. I wish mother had forbidden us to think of such a thing until we had saved enough to get a home together, for I'm afraid Harry won't have the heart to try now as he would have done before."

In this, however, Nellie judged her husband wrongfully. Harry came to see her when she had been there a week or two, and the sight of Mary's comfortable home spurred him on to make an effort to secure something like it for Nellie; and when Nellie came back, it was to her own home at last; and thankful she was for it, although it was neither so spacious nor so comfortable as it might have been if she had not been in such a hurry to get married.

LIGHT.

BY MRS. G. E. MORTON.

"TRULY the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," exclaims the Preacher; and to this all men agree, the believer and the infidel alike. Unhappily, however, there is by no means such concord of opinion regarding the short, emphatic declaration of another preacher, who lived more than a thousand years after. He said, "*God is Light*"; but the Agnostic answers doubtfully, "It *may* be so"; the Infidel—the "fool" of Scripture (Ps. xiv. 1)—says boldly, "It is *not* so; there is no God"; while the Christian can both joyfully acknowledge the fact that "God is Light," and can appropriate it also: "The Lord is *my* Light and my Salvation" (Ps. xxvii. 1).

Light is described as a highly attenuated fluid, universally diffused throughout all space; and how well this exemplifies one of the glorious attributes of the Son of God—His omnipresence. Christ is "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John i. 9). His love and His light shine on every creature, animate and inanimate, in the vast creation. With special and with tender power He sheds His life-giving rays on human hearts. *On* them, for without man's consent He will not force an entrance *within*. He *stands at the door* and knocks. How marvellous that so few should open to such an influence! "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." When John the Baptist was sent to them they "were willing *for a season* to abide in *his* light," but they would have none of Christ. From first to last they scorned, blasphemed, insulted, and rejected Him.

You remember how the Saviour, speaking of Himself to the scoffing Pharisees, said, "I am the Light of the world" (John viii. 12). In precisely similar terms He spoke on another occasion of His disciples: "Ye are the light of the world" (Matt. v. 14). But now I want you to remark with what glowing words of strong commendation He speaks of His great forerunner, John the Baptist: "he was a burning and a shining light." And at another time He said of him: "Verily, I say unto you, among them that are born of woman there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist" (Matt. xi. 11). The Master also bore high testimony to His servant's work: "I know that the witness which he witnesseth of Me is true." John's life-work was "to bear witness of the Light"; He was "sent from God" for that very purpose (John i. 6-8), and he did his work faithfully.

Should not this be our life-work also to witness for Jesus? If we have come to Him, and have received from Him the "light of life," should we not so witness for Him as to attract others to Him also?

Let us see what testimony our Lord gave to the Jews and to *their* work. He says of them that they searched the Scriptures (R.V.), but He exposed their motive; it was because they hoped by so doing to gain eternal life. They had no love for God; they had no desire to learn His will. The Scriptures testify of Christ, yet when He was with them they would not go to Him that they might indeed have life.

"Ye *will* not!" How sad! the *will* was wanting; it was not that they could not, but that they would not believe. They professed to believe the books of Moses; but the Lord Jesus, who knows all hearts, told them plainly that they did not: "For had ye believed Moses ye would have believed Me: for he wrote of Me."

It is a solemn thought that it is possible to be a very diligent reader of God's Word and yet to remain in utter darkness. But does it not say, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light" (Ps. cxix. 130)? True, yet the seeming paradox is easily explained by another verse in that same psalm: "Thy Word have I hid *in my heart*, that I might not sin against Thee." Mere head knowledge will never save us; if we shut our *hearts* against the truth we might know the whole Bible by rote, and still have no light. But those who prayerfully and humbly read God's Word, "seeking for Jesus" there, will surely find Him. And what will be the effect of this finding and receiving Him? Then, for the first time, real life begins, and *they shine too!* for the life that comes from Him is "the light of men"; and to those who receive it He gives the wonderful privilege of becoming (like Himself) "sons of God."

This is what is meant by being a Christian; and of all true Christians it may be said, "Ye are the light of the world."

What is the effect of light in the natural world? It cheers, it brightens, it warms; it chases away the dark shadows of night; it rouses the sleeper into a state of wakefulness and activity; it promotes health and vigour. And this is precisely the effect that the lives of Christians should produce upon those with whom they come in contact; they should so witness for their Master, so reflect His brightness, and let their light so shine before men that they may see their good works "and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. v. 16). Some followers of the Lamb emit so bright a light that almost all Christendom knows their "good works" as well as their names; and we thank God for their holy lives and their good example. But others, though undoubtedly disciples of Christ, are so far off—keep so far behind Him, instead of letting Him lead them by the hand (see Isa. xli. 13)—that their light burns so dimly as to be scarcely seen—the light is so faint as barely to keep alive the life in their own hearts, and is altogether powerless to exert a beneficial influence on others. This is exactly the reverse of what it ought to be, for "the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth *more and more* unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv. 18).

But, thank God, we who have once had the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ shining in our hearts know how to get the flame brightly rekindled. *Faith* and *love* will be bestowed liberally by the "Father of Lights," the Almighty Giver of all good, on those who ask; and faith and love will make a brilliant lamp! Faith, to believe that He who has redeemed us will be with us even to the end of the world; love, to make it our chief desire to do His will. Faith, to believe that it is not *our* strength or *our* weakness that is to bring result, but that He Himself is working in us "to will and to do of His good pleasure"; love, so true, that it is bestowed not only on the good and gentle, but also on the hardened and the froward.

Dear mothers, you need some bright and cheering thought to help and encourage you; do you know that "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart" (Ps. xcvii. 11)? "Come," then, "and let us walk in the light of the Lord" (Isa. ii. 5). We may not hope to become "burning" lights, but at least we may let our tiny spark shine brightly for Jesus, for

"He looks down from heaven
To see us shine;
You in your small corner,
I in mine."

THE FOLK-LORE OF "BABY."

BY EMMELINE BRAINE.

MANY and varied are the superstitions which hover around that important item of household furniture, the cradle.

The folk-lore of King Baby is in truth well-nigh inexhaustible; the time and manner of his entrance upon existence, his behaviour at baptism—nay, even the way in which he picks up his spoon—are all fraught with meaning to those learned in such matters; while the customs to be observed, and the dangers to be guarded against, that everything may go well with the new-comer, are simply innumerable. To begin: the day on which a baby is born is a matter of great importance. Most people are acquainted with the rhyme:—

"Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is full of woe;
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
And Saturday's child works hard for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath Day
Is blithe and bonny, good and gay."

Sunday children are usually credited with peculiar powers; in some districts it is darkly hinted that "they see more than others see"; at any rate, the accident of their birth secures them from the malice of evil spirits. A child that is born open-handed, say the gossips, will grow up generous.

If the first clippings of his nails be buried under an ash tree, he will have a splendid voice, or, as the Northumberland phrase runs, be "a top singer."

On no account, however, must his nails be cut before he is a year old, or the chances are that he will develop a propensity for annexing other people's property.

Swedish nurses place a book under the head of a new-born child, that he may learn to read easily; while, in the North and West of England, baby's right hand is left unwashed, the idea being that he may gather riches.

In the Borderland, custom dictates that what is termed the "shooten," or groaning cheese, be cut and distributed at the birth of a child. On this occasion it is the duty and privilege of the happy father to cut from the cheese a "whang-o'-luck," and divide it among the maidens then present, who keep their slices to put under their pillows, in order that they may dream of their future husbands.

If the father, in cutting the whang-'o-luck, cut his own fingers as well, his child will not live to attain maturity.

A very wide-spread superstition insists that a baby should go up in the world before going down, as otherwise he will never get on in life. A nurse, imbued with this belief, will, if she be already on the highest storey of the house, step on a stool or chair, before carrying her charge downstairs for the first time. Another popular idea is that it is unlucky to weigh a baby; rocking his empty cradle is also to be avoided; and this belief extends to China, the reason given being that it portends the child's death. To the minds of the Sussex peasantry, however, rocking the "toom" cradle is fraught with another sort of danger, for they have a saying that

"If you rock the cradle empty,
Then you shall have babies plenty."

Another proverb bearing upon the increase of the family numbers is "Soon teeth, soon toes!" meaning that, if baby No. 1 has his teeth soon, there will be a fresh supply of toes, or baby No. 2 very shortly.

With a view to dipping into futurity, the Bretons practise a sort of divination, which consists in throwing a child's shirt into certain fountains, and watching whether it floats or the reverse.

If it sinks, the child will die within the year; but if it swims, the omen is a favourable one, and the garment, all wet as it is, is put on the unfortunate infant, and considered as an infallible charm against every sort of disease.

Unsuperstitious folk would be apt to fancy that baby stood a better chance of taking a firm hold on life when his little shift sank to the bottom like lead. There is a considerable amount of folk-lore connected with the ceremony of baptism and the selection of the Christian name. The eagerness exhibited by the Scotch and Irish peasantry to have their children christened, is accounted for by the popular belief that they are not safe from the fairies until this is accomplished; and that unless careful guard is kept over an unbaptised babe, it is likely enough to be spirited away, and an ugly changeling left in its place.

Swedish nurses put a knife or other steel implement into the cradle, as a charm against the fairies; and are careful not to let the fire out day or night until after the christening.

When the ceremony actually takes place it is highly important that the child should cry, or else he is bound to be unlucky; therefore, rather than that he should run this risk, a North-country nurse will administer a slight pinch to her too placid charge, in order to elicit the desired wail.

The infant must sleep a night in his baptismal garments, and the water on his brow must by no means be wiped off; furthermore, if a boy and a girl are brought to the font at the same time, the boy must be christened first, or the girl, when she grows up, will have a beard. An exceedingly curious idea is that it bodes ill-luck to divulge a child's intended name before baptism; and in the North-east of Scotland the name is not spoken even in church, but written on a slip of paper and handed to the minister.

The Sussex peasantry believe that if a child receives the name of a deceased brother or sister it will also die at an early age; while a belief is current in Germany that to call it Adam or Eve will secure for it a long life.

Another idea exists to the effect that calling a child after one of its parents will shorten that parent's existence; the second of the name taking, as it were, the place of the first.

A little prince of Arragon, born in 1207, came by his baptismal appellative in a somewhat haphazard fashion. His mother, Maria, Queen of Arragon, determined to call him after one of the twelve apostles, to whose especial favour she considered the birth of her son to be due.

Invoking the Goddess Chance to her aid, she had twelve wax candles, of similar shape and size, lighted at the same instant, and to each of the twelve she gave the name of an apostle. The candle which burned the longest was considered victorious, and the trial ended in the baby prince being baptised James.

It is curious to notice how universal is the belief that the souls of unbaptised children are condemned to wander after death, for in Scotland they are represented as bewailing their mournful fate in the woods and solitudes, or as sitting blindfold within the fairy moats; while North German superstition changes them into Will-o'-the-Wisps.

In Sweden they say "you must not take an unbaptised child into anyone's house: it would bring misfortune"; and it is quite a common idea among the lower classes, that if a baby be sickly and ailing it will be much better after its christening.

WOMEN AS HAIRDRESSERS.

BY E. E. DICKENSON.

In most newspapers just lately there has been circulated a story of a woman barber, who opened her shop in a town in the United States. For some reason—perhaps because the wives of the neighbourhood did not care for their husbands to be attended by another woman than themselves, however public in capacity and presumably impartial in treatment—she was boycotted by the rest of her sex, the men naturally feared to patronise her, and business was found to be impossible. This was hard on her. Even now there are not so very many things that women can do, and one would suppose hair and the dressing and shearing and general culture of it to be something which the most jealous of men and the most do-nothing of their consorts would allow to be quite within the scope of feminine powers: as the barber's craft goes nowadays, that is. In former times, when surgery formed a part of it, one can believe that it would have been considered highly unsuitable for the fair and feeble half of humanity. From the days of Henry VIII. till 1745, surgeons had no existence separate from hairdressers; blood-letting, the cure of wounds, tooth-drawing, and other simple operations were undertaken, together with nail-cutting, shaving, and the dressing of the head, commonly called "trimming." To signify these divers accomplishments, the basin and striped pole were hung at the door, the one as ready to receive the blood after cupping, the other adorned as it were with the ribbon which, bound round the arm, should stop the ghastly flow. In France, however, in the reign of Louis XIV. *barber-surgeons* were incorporated as a different body from that of the perruquiers, corresponding to the hairdressers of our times. Another function had the barber of ancient days: his shop was the resort of the idle. All those conversationally disposed dropped in there for the news and gossip of the day, and to watch their friends getting shaved, while they waited for their turn, or otherwise; a viol, or lute, or musical instrument of some kind was played for their edification, and an hour or two was thus easily got through in those happy years when man nor cattle were hurried, and competition was not.

Now a man cuts his own nails, and in England generally shaves himself; a licentiate in dental surgery removes an aching tooth, if he can by no manner of exquisitely torturous means keep it for further pain in his patient's jaw; of the faculty of medicine, of the profession of music; there is no need to speak; nor do we need to do more than remind ourselves that modern journalism supplies news to all and gossip to those who have not sufficient of it through other means. And all these industries have sprung from that practised by the barber of the sixteenth century! And what is stranger still, in each one of these callings women have now their place. In surgery, in dentistry, in music, in journalism, they do much and do it successfully; in the matter of gossip-shops—well, in every country town there is still one, now kept by a female for customers chiefly female—the circulating library and fancy repository, where ladies linger lovingly, to hear the latest local thing and meet their friends! But, says this American town, for the post of mere shaver no women need apply! Yet in France, that land of unacknowledged but granted women's rights, there are countless "magasins-de postiches en tous genres," kept by excellent and charming business women, who, if they do not much themselves, direct various assistants. In London, in good establishments of the kind, female employées are comparatively common; they wait upon lady clients, and in the numerous branches of hair-dressing, such as spring always from the main trunk of any trade, women are largely engaged.

This is only what should be. Hair-dressing, of all occupations, requires qualifications considered distinctly feminine—quickness, delicacy, taste, a pleasant manner, and although we do not presume to suggest that women should aspire to shave the superior sex (which indeed might in some ways be a difficult and nervous job), we do think that ladies in this instance, should give the preference to female labour. It is a pity, at all events, that women do not commonly set up as coiffeuses, for women. The stock required is not

large, the training not arduous, no great strength is necessary, and except at certain times of the day, even in shops of the best repute, standing would not be continuous. Then the pay if not large is sufficient, and there is a certain moderate demand for toilet articles, such as are kept by all hairdressers. People, too, are more constant to their "barbers" than to any others of the many who minister to their individual comfort. They wander occasionally to strange churches; they are caught by the notice of sales at hitherto unknown shops; they become convinced that their medical adviser has mistaken their case and they consult another; but once suited with a hairdresser they will go to no one else; they will come up from the country, they will pause an hour when passing through town, they will go from one end of London to the other rather than trust their heads, upon which so much of personal appearance depends, to an unproved operator.

There seems no reason why in the future ladies should not dally agreeably in the rooms of their coiffeurs, chatting with their friends, discussing the last thing of the day, and that so by degrees the gentle craft of "trimming" should not regain its ancient high position in the administration of society.

THE JUBILEE NURSING SCHEME.

What an amount of character there is in the sound of the human voice! Haven't you sometimes turned round in the street to see whether the face of the person behind you showed the same happiness which sounded in her voice? Who has not smiled to herself as she heard the merry chuckle of her child's voice on the stairs? Who has not trembled as she heard the grave, sad tones of some one who spoke so far off that she could not distinguish a word, and yet the anxious listener knew that the message to be delivered to her was one of sorrow?

Yes, human voices have characters of their own; and we might go a step further and say that many of the words that we *use*, have voices of their own, and therefore character too.

Now, of all the words we use in English, I know of none which sounds more joyful than *Jubilee*. The soft letters come tumbling over each other, like a lot of merry children rushing out of school. "Jubilee year is come," they seem to say, "all must rejoice. Debts are cancelled, slaves are set free, clouds are cleared away; let every one rejoice."

The privileges of a Jubilee are a good deal curtailed now, not so much from any niggardliness on the part of those who keep Jubilee, as because of the changes which time has wrought. Slaves cannot be set free when there are no slaves to be found. So it came to pass that when our Jubilee year arrived in England, we set to work as a nation, not so much to *undo* as to *do*.

It was the year of Jubilee, and we wanted the world to be the better for it. We wanted our children and grandchildren to be able to look back on that year as the birthday of many a noble scheme which should in their day have come to perfection.

Foremost amongst the good seeds which were planted in that year, we, as wives, as daughters, as women, would put the British Nurses' Association. The Queen, who is ever ready to help in good works, after consulting with the Duke of Westminster and some of the leading physicians, proposed that £70,000 of the money collected as the women's Jubilee offering, should be devoted to the forming of a fund for supplying the sick poor with nurses in their own homes.

Let us look at it first, from a simply humane point of view.

Sickness, accident, disease, death, these are the inheritance of man's body. The tiny baby who has hardly yet begun to live, is often brought to the very verge of the valley which we call death; often, too, it passes over it, having entered into the life above, before it tasted the joys and perils of the life below.

The old man whose limbs have long tottered on this world's journey, may be weeks and weeks before his weary feet are at rest, and his tired hands are crossed on his breast in peace; life's long labour done.

Old or young, rich or poor, sickness and death, are ever near us, therefore an association which shall provide kind and capable women to undertake the care of our sick, is indeed worthy of all our praise and all our support.

Not three weeks ago I heard of a most sad case, which arose, humanly speaking, entirely out of bad nursing.

A man and woman married just twelve months back, after waiting six years, until they felt that they could live respectably on their earnings. Both were good Christians, happy in their God and in each other. Three weeks ago a baby was born. Everything went well, and, so far as the *doctor* knew, there was no reason why it should not continue to do so; but, alas! the *nurse* had been recommended by a neighbour, as a very nice woman etc., etc.

So she may have been, but she was no *nurse;* for she went to bed on the first night and slept so soundly that the fire went out. The baby cried, and, after calling in vain to wake the nurse, the poor mother sat up in bed and reached for the child herself, then still sat up, rocking it in her arms.

By-and-by the "nurse" woke, but the mischief was done; the chill was taken, and the mother died within a week; the baby followed her soon afterwards.

"Two wasted lives," one might be tempted to say, if one did not know that a merciful Father is ordering all things.

But God helps only those who help themselves, and, therefore, He who told us to honour the physician, would certainly have us carry out the physician's orders. Ask any doctor you like, and he will tell you that a good nurse does more towards saving a patient than the doctor does, unless indeed, he stops with the sick person, and is nurse and doctor too. The doctor can only give his orders; it rests with the nurse to carry them out, and when the seed of the British Nursing Association shall have grown into a flourishing tree, we shall be certain of getting good nurses if we want them.

The first object of the Association is to give a recognized position to the calling of nursing; that it should be a *profession* for women—a profession for which there should be a thorough training, as for any other profession; and the members of which should work hand in hand with the doctors.

But, how shall they preach, except they be sent? How shall they nurse, except they be taught? So a grand central college of nurses will be established, where women shall take their degree and have their names registered. We can tell in a moment whether our doctor is a duly qualified man, or whether he is an audacious quack who puts M.D. to his name. The time will come, thanks to the Jubilee Nursing

Scheme, when we shall be able to see whether the woman who offers herself to nurse our sick dear ones is competent to undertake the task.

So far we have looked at the scheme from the employer's point of view. We may want a nurse, and we shall be thankful to be able to ensure getting a good one. But there is another side to the question. We must look at it from the point of view of those who are employed.

If I were asked to say what I considered the noblest work for woman, I should unhesitatingly answer, sick nursing. As years roll by, the question of "What shall we do with our girls?" becomes quite as serious as that other, "What shall we do with our boys?" Therefore it is a beautiful and a cheerful thought, a true Jubilee scheme, that an association should be formed, whose object should be to help women to earn a living in doing angels' work on earth—to enable them to continue to raise the profession of nursing to a higher level, and to provide pensions for those who, through sickness or old age, are prevented from continuing their labours.

Another duty of the Association will be to provide a convalescent home and holiday house, where such nurses as have no homes should enjoy their well-earned rest. Last, but by no means least, the Association will undertake that conferences shall be held for the discussion of all questions connected with the nursing profession.

Seventeen hundred years ago, a physician of Asia Minor said that a doctor must have three things to be successful—the eye of a hawk, the heart of a lion, and the hand of a lady. What Galen said of the medical profession, holds good in the nineteeth century of the nursing profession. To some women all three requirements may come naturally, but it will be in the Central College of the British Nursing Association that those qualities will be taught, and women trained to patient, careful, reverent, and competent nursing of the sick.

And if any one is held back from following what I have called the most noble of woman's work, for fear that it should be a little bit beneath her dignity to do the unpleasant duties which must fall to her lot, then let her turn to the palace of one of the greatest empires of the world. "The empress," says a German newspaper, "has been the good genius of the emperor throughout his illness. Every day she is in the kitchen to see for herself that her husband's food is properly prepared day and night she attends to every one of the doctors' orders; in moments of danger, and at operations, she assists like a skilled nurse, resolutely helping to move the bed."

Of all the Jubilee schemes, certainly the Nursing Association is the most jubilant, for it is destined to carry joy into the sad sick-chamber, light into the darkened home, and hope into the hearts of those who are agonized by their helplessness to aid their beloved ones stricken with disease.

E. M. Waterworth.

The Princess Christian, as President of the British Nurses' Association, when speaking at St. George's Hall, London, said "that the first object of that Association was to obtain for nurses the recognised position and legal constitution of a profession, which should be inseparable from the profession of medicine, and their success in this direction ought to show the advantage in other callings of women combining to raise their work to a higher level. If," continued the Princess, "the Association be successful, and success now depends mainly on the united efforts of the nurses themselves, who can foretell where the influence of their example will end? It will, perhaps, be the means of showing women in other walks of life that they, too, can combine successfully, to the manifest advantage of themselves, their fellow-workers, and society in general, in unitedly striving after higher things. I should like to say how much I feel personally the great honour which has been done me in your allowing me to become a fellow-worker in this great movement, and I will conclude with some lines which seem to me to embody the true spirit of nursing:—

'It is perfect service rendered, duties done,
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days,
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.'"

KEEP PACE.

The Chicago *News* says: "The latest fad in social circles here is news classes among young ladies. A large party meets twice a week, in the afternoon, and the teacher, a lady of great culture, discusses with them the news of the day. She takes a newspaper, and, selecting matters of foreign and domestic interest, discusses and explains them in a most entertaining manner, the members of the class asking questions and making comments and suggestions freely."

A most sensible "fad," and one, it is to be hoped, that will travel East rapidly. The ignorance among women on the current questions of the day is appalling. Not ten in a hundred pay the slightest attention to political questions either at home or abroad. There are women whose duties will not permit of the time for research; but any woman could find time to read for ten minutes on a given subject, and she can think about it while darning stockings or sewing on buttons.

Women owe the duty to themselves and families of keeping their freshness of spirit and their interest in outside affairs. Too many women think the whole of their duty accomplished if they keep their houses clean, their family wardrobes in order, and prepare suitable food. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" What is life? It is the holy essence of growth. What is the body? It is the vessel that holds the essence. Both are useful to God and the world, as they fulfil the purpose for which they were created.

No woman fulfils her destiny who allows the "life" to escape into pots, pans, frills, dust-brushes, and fancy-work; who allows the body to become a machine for the accomplishing of certain mechanical ends merely.

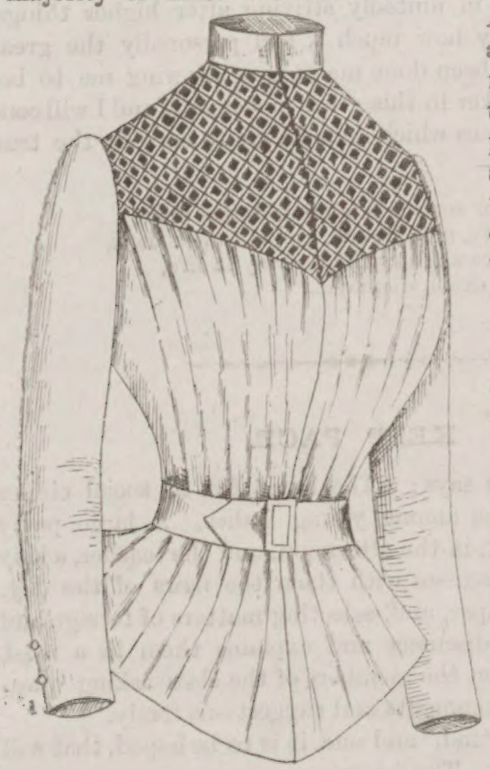
The woman misses the end of her creation who lets the world slip by her. Too late she wakes to a consciousness of the great strides beyond her that her loved ones have taken, and realises that companionship of intellect is gone for ever.

Every woman should strive against this. The pleasure of living comes in degree as we realise life's opportunities for gaining spiritual, mental, moral strength; not by shutting ourselves from life's current, but in keeping step with its sweep, and doing our part to shape its pathway. The life is more than meat.

Do the thing which you can do, and not stand and do nothing because there is some other good thing you can't do.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

SEPTEMBER is a sort of off-month, often warm enough for muslins and cottons, and decidedly too early for the serious preparation of thick new dresses, mantles, or bonnets. The majority of those who have been to the seaside went in August, and though a small contingent may follow in September, it is comparatively very small indeed. Those who have settled down again at home will have a period of mending before them, of making two frocks into one, and altogether of repairing the breaches caused by three weeks or a month when needle and thread have only been used to replace buttons and strings. A capital idea for the repair of sleeves worn out at the elbows has just made its appearance in the forefront of fashion, and that is the insertion of a puff, of contrasting colour, about four inches deep, occupying just the space in which the elbow bends.



The colour of the autumn season is fawn; it is worn in gowns, jackets, hats, and everything. It has the advantage of not showing the dust, but, on the other hand, it does show the dirt, and is only suitable for country wear by economical people. It must be remembered, however, that fawn is a colour that cleans well, and in some materials bears ordinary washing. Fawn jackets are more expensive than grey ones, for the grey can be had in stockingnette, and it is very rarely that fawn is to be met with in that pretty material.

But while some kinds of dress preparation are at a standstill others can be gone on with, and it is so nice to feel that one's etceteras are ready. We would suggest some pretty fichu that is very easily concocted with a little lace or beaded net and some soft silk, or even velveteen. Then mothers of grown-up daughters often want caps, and the latest fashion is a very nice one. The ribbon bows in front should exactly match folds of soft twilled silk laid underneath so as to come between the hair and the white or ecru lace of the cap. Or any one who is clever in making up bows can make them of the silk cut on the cross and lined with net or book muslin. A very pretty lace for caps, and not very expensive, is embroidered with white silk on net, and if made up row upon row without any ribbon, is much improved by a few pearl beads, which, though perfectly neat, give a dressy appearance.

Bonnets and hats are worn much smaller than they were last year. During the wet boating season many ladies had jockey-caps made to match their dresses, adorned with a few bows of ribbon at the left side. They proved so popular and becoming as to have been retained ever since, and they are the most economical things possible. A boy's cricket-cap is a very good model if picked to pieces and the pattern carefully cut, but, unlike the cricket cap, each division should be lined with stiffening.

Swiss pointed belts are very much worn, especially with blouse bodices, not so much the cotton ones as those made of white woollen materials or soft silk. The belt should match either the skirt or its trimming, and should be beaded or embroidered. They look wonderfully well in the rich dark greens that are so popular and so becoming, especially if ornamented with iridescent green beads.

Many black bonnets are made with beaded fronts, which are very becoming, and answer for making up again and again, if required, for they always look good, and set off the lace and ribbon to the best advantage. Small patterned brocades with many colours in them have a very quiet effect, and are much used for bonnets, with one or two "pen" feathers in them, which are never prettier than when they come from the domestic duck, goose, or turkey. These feathers never get out of order, and those who pluck their own poultry always have a supply of them.

A very nice way of renovating a bodice, or rather of hiding its weaknesses, is to open the back seam and insert two pieces of soft material, silk, nun's cloth, or, in the case of a black dress, lace or net. The ends should be gathered and fastened to the edges of the fabric, so that when the centre seam is sewn up again they meet in a "V" shape. When the bodice is on, these pieces are brought over the shoulders, crossed fichu fashion in front, and then, the skirt being put on afterwards, all should be made "taut" and tidy by a waistband. This contrivance conceals shiny places on the back, dusty ones on the shoulders, and shabby ones quite in the front.

Some very pretty thin materials have been brought into prominence by the Irish Exhibition, and are manufactured in the Emerald Isle. They are called tassore, flaxina, poplinette, and such like names, and are really highly finished thin linens with a silky appearance. They are made in various colours, grey and pale blue being as nice as any, and though scarcely fit for autumn purchases, those who have invested in them earlier in the season will find them most desirable for fine warm autumn days, and if bought and put by they will prove invaluable next summer, for the colours are so good that they look suitable and feel pre-eminently comfortable on dull days, or quite early in the season, when cottons would be utterly out of place. We give a pattern this month of a bodice that is very much liked and easily made.

The flat pattern of the bodice may be had by forwarding 6½d. in stamps to "M. L.," care of Messrs. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row. Every effort will be made to dispatch patterns promptly, but we cannot guarantee to send them by return of post.

THE DESTINY OF OLD SHOES.—Many people wonder what is done with the old boots and shoes some itinerants are at so much trouble to collect. They are cut up into small pieces, which pieces are put for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather very hard and brittle. After this is effected, the material is washed with water, dried, ground to powder, and mixed with some substance which causes the particles to adhere together, as shellac, good glue, or thick solution of gum. It is then pressed into moulds, and shaped into combs, buttons, knife-handles, and many other articles.